

# The Aurora.

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LUCY CARROLL.

A Tale of the West.

BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

[Continued.]

## CHAPTER V.

WHILE all this was going on, Major Carroll and his family had gone on shore. As Lucy walked along, holding little Charley by the hand, she was silently wondering why her friend Frederic had not even come to take his leave of her. "Perhaps," thought she, "he is principled against all leave-takings; many people are." And she blushed deeply, and felt quite provoked with herself when she found the thought stealing into her mind, "Perhaps he hadn't courage to bid *me* good-bye." In fact, tho' not exactly aware of it, Lucy was pretty far gone with the same disease which had alarmed Frederic's young acquaintances.

The hotel stood on the bluff, not very far from the river, and Major and Mrs. Carroll toiled up the steep ascent, followed closely by Lucy and little Charley. Arrived there, they seated themselves in the large, shady piazza to rest, and to witness the departure of the boat. They wondered why it remained so long at the landing, and Lucy could not help thinking that Mary and her brother would have had ample time to have walked up with them from the boat. She would now gladly have escaped to the solitude of her own chamber, but Mrs. Carroll insisted on remaining in the piazza, while little Charley, perfectly delighted at his release from the confinement of the boat, ran gaily from place to place, examining

with childish glee the pictured advertisements of the "show," which were scattered about in profusion.

It was not very long before Frederic and Mary were ready to go on shore. As the former shook hands, at parting with his young associates, he had to bear many a sly joke, but he had by this time grown desperate, and cared little about them.— "Recollect, Mr. Gordon," cried the Captain, "I only consented to let you off because you promised to be ready for my next trip, so I shall stop for you."

"Catch me if you can!" replied Frederic, turning round to shake his finger at the Captain, who laughed and waved his hand; and the gallant boat was soon once more on her way. Mary, not feeling any very special hurry, wished to stand still awhile and witness the departure of the noble boat, as she threw the water in a brilliant sheet of spray from each side of her rounded breast. But this did not at all suit Frederic, and he pulled her forward, saying, "no, no, Sister, let us make haste; I didn't bid Miss Lucy good-bye, and I want to excuse myself for it as soon as I can. I cannot bear that she should condemn me for a moment, even in thought."

Here was something of a confession, and Mary felt very much inclined to rally her brother on the subject; but she merely said, "well, dear Fred, pray have a little mercy on a woman's weakness, and don't take such long and rapid strides, or you will have to go on alone, and leave me to follow at my leisure. I don't believe our friends would be glad to see you, if you gained their

presence at the peril of your sister's life. Do you think they would, now?

Frederic begged pardon, and slackened his pace, but it was only for a moment; he was soon again walking up the hill as eagerly and as rapidly as before. Mary was at length obliged to stand stock still, draw a long breath, and once more protest against such an unequal race. Frederic, thus brought to his senses, made another elaborate apology, and managed after that to go forward at a more reasonable pace.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Great and heartfelt was the pleasure experienced by the travellers when they met again, even after so short a separation. Those who felt the most, however, said the least about it, with this exception, that Frederic had an imposing array of reasons to give for his sudden change of purpose, all of them very weighty and satisfactory, of course.

In a short time the whole party were in possession of pleasant apartments, and would have enjoyed themselves exceedingly, if poor Mrs. Carroll had not managed to keep herself so uneasy, as often to produce the same effect upon all around her. Mary, Lucy, and little Charley, occupied together a small, though pleasant room, commanding an extensive view of a picturesque and delightful scene. The "Father of Waters" rolled proudly onward to the distant ocean, bearing on its ample bosom boats of all descriptions, from the first class steamer to the flat boat, ark, or little canoe; and, as is often the case on the upper Mississippi, a beautiful green island was seen at



little distance, sloping gracefully upwards from its watery bed, and seeming the very image of serenity and peace. The birds nestled securely in many an ancient tree, with nothing to molest them; and many a tuneful serenade did they warble forth by way of welcome to their newly arrived neighbors. Strawberry plants covered the ground in rich profusion, and the beautiful berries, deeply blushing from the ardent kisses of the summer sunbeams, spread out to the travellers a delightful feast; and many a pleasant ramble was eagerly planned, and afterwards enjoyed. Still, connected with these delightful walks, there was always one drawback which could not fail to mar the pleasure of the whole party. This was the consciousness that one of their number was at home, murmuring, perhaps, and displeased at their absence. Little Charley was always present in these rural excursions, for his mother could not persuade him to remain at home with her. Sad to say, he was always happiest when away from his mother, while he was perfectly delighted when with the other members of his party. Oh, if heads of families, and especially mothers, only knew their power for good or evil!

One delicious afternoon, when the sun was slowly descending in the western sky, the party were out walking. Lucy, Frederic and Charley, had strayed away from Major Carroll and Mary, and were not at all aware to what a distance they had wandered, while a heavy cloud was gathering behind them, and threatening to pour its contents upon their devoted heads. Somehow or other,

Frederic and Lucy seemed, for the time being, totally oblivious to all sublunary things. I need hardly tell my readers that Lucy was listening to a tale of love, poured forth from lips that were neither cold nor uneloquent. Frederic Gordon had opened his whole heart to Lucy, and was making to the trembling maiden an unqualified offer of his hand and heart.

Lucy, after one or two convulsive sighs, frankly told him that she felt gratified and honored by his affection; that she had never before seen one to whom she could more readily yield up her warm affections, but that she feared to commit herself to one whose religious principles seemed so unsettled; remarking justly, that unless there was a perfect accord of mind and heart on the most momentous of all subjects, they could not expect such a measure of happiness or usefulness as ought to attend the matrimonial connections, even in this imperfect world. She also delicately alluded to the unfortunate situation of her uncle, to the fact of his extreme fondness for her, and the want of congeniality between his wife and himself; and expressed her conviction that he would be rendered more unhappy by her absence, if, in case her final answer should be favorable, it should seem necessary ever to leave him.

It has been often said that when a woman hesitates she is won; but, as I am writing an every day story, and not a philosophical essay, I will not attempt to discuss that question. Certain it is, however, that Lucy was not quite aware of the powerful and mysterious workings of an affectionate and unexperienced human heart.



Her first reason for hesitation, if it really existed, covered every other. Yet there was her guileless heart, playing traitor to her judgment, and causing her to question the propriety of leaving her uncle, when her judgment had decided against even entertaining a proposition would lead to such a result. Such incorrigible sophists are the affections of the human heart.

"But, Miss Lucy," said Fredric, "you forget how much it would benefit me to be continually under your influence; I should soon become all that the most rigid saint could possibly desire."

Lucy did not quite like the tone of his last remark, but she replied gently. "I have heard the same plea used before, and, although the argument is a specious one, I have more than once witnessed its fallacy, when tested by experiment."

"Your other objection, Miss Lucy," continued Fredric, "can easily be removed. All places are very much alike to me, and I am entire master of my own actions. I could be satisfied any where with those I love; and I would cheerfully remain with your uncle if you and he wished it. And you little know, Miss Lucy," he continued, after a pause, "how much I think about serious things." I am far from being indifferent about my moral and religious responsibilities. Who could be long associated with two such beings as yourself and my sister Mary, without being made better every day?"

Lucy slowly shook her head; but just at this moment the unconscious pair were recalled to a sense of sublunary things, by hearing their name called, in a tone of alarm, by Major

Carroll. Turning immediately round they beheld him advancing rapidly towards them, while he pointed significantly to a threatening cloud which was now directly above their heads. In another moment large drops of rain began to descend.—With some confusion, and with profuse apologies for having been so very unobserving, they began hastily to retrace their steps, though not until Frederic had been obliged to take quite a race after Charley, who, left completely to himself, had run off to some distance, and mischievously quickened his pace when he saw Frederic approaching in pursuit of him. The little fellow was very much heated, and his father took him in his arms, and the whole party hastened homewards with all the speed they could command.

"Promise me, do promise me," said Frederic in an under tone, "that you will think seriously and at once of my proposal."

"I will," answered Lucy, in the same low tone, "how could you think I would do otherwise? That surely is due to you."

It was impossible to find an immediate shelter from the rain, which now came down in torrents; and by the time they had reached the first house in the village, a present shelter was far less important than a speedy arrival at home, where they could procure dry garments, for they were by this time wet to the skin.

Mrs. Carroll came into the piazza to meet them with considerable maternal anxiety depicted on her countenance; for a mother's love had triumphed for the time over habitual selfishness, and ill nature. Thank



God, that being can rarely be found in whom exists not some spark of goodness, smothered, though it may have been, and nearly extinguished by the long accumulating load of freely indulged selfishness. And what can so quickly kindle to a flame such a smouldering spark as the electric sympathy which binds a mother to her child?

Mrs. Carroll took the beautiful boy in her arms, and hastily retreated with him to her chamber; he, the while, regardless of his own discomfort, gazing earnestly into her face, as if endeavoring to understand the meaning of the fervent glow of tenderness he had so suddenly discovered there. Also, before she went to her chamber, she earnestly requested the rest of the party to procure dry clothing as quickly as possible. Major Carroll looked both surprised and pleased at this unexpected exhibition of kind concern for others; and, gazing after her as she went, he mentally exclaimed, while a beam of joy shone in his moistened eye, "Oh, God! if she were always thus!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

Lucy had now before her a great responsibility. She was to make a most important, and, if possible, an impartial decision; and she was well aware that a most powerful impression had already been made upon every feeling of her heart. So she prayed most earnestly for divine assistance and direction.

She could not but acknowledge to herself that she had never before met with any one who seemed so calculated to make her happy. Could she only have thought that he was gui-

ded by the ethics of the Bible, she would not have hesitated long before giving a decision in his favor.

Frederic soon sought and found another opportunity of conversing with her. With an importunate and anxious countenance, he then inquired if she were not ready to relieve his suspense. Tears sprang into her eyes as she told him that she had found it impossible to come to a definite decision. "I ought to say—" she began, but he instantly interrupted her.

"Then, my dear Miss Lucy," exclaimed he, hurriedly, "you have thought upon the subject, and you have not decided *against* me. Is it not so?"

"It is so," she replied, slowly shaking her head, and then looking down in some confusion. "But," she continued, "it is because you gave me time for serious deliberation, that I am still wavering. If it had been necessary for me to decide at once, your answer must have been a negative one."

"Miss Lucy," exclaimed Frederick, "if you knew how sick at heart I am at the bare possibility that you —, well, never mind, if you knew how every hope of mine was hanging on your decision, you wouldn't, you couldn't have the heart to say me nay."

"Mr. Gordon," said Lucy, and she looked him steadily in the face, "you will surely do me the justice to believe that I am not trifling with your feelings by the delay. I am perhaps as sick at heart as you are; for a state of indecision, when the most momentous question of your life stares you in the face, is anything



but agreeable. It would be egregious folly in me to deny that it would give me unspeakable pain to refuse the homage of a heart so noble; but I could not be happy unless there were entire sympathy between us, and I am not sure that there is.—Indeed, I am seriously afraid that there is not. I must still consider, Mr. Gordon, and still pray for guidance, for this is too important a matter to be left to the decision of feelings.”

“May the Lord give me the favor in thine eyes!” exclaimed Frederic, with a half sigh, and in a tone between mournfulness and gaiety, his

exultation at what he had just heard, mingling with his sadness. Lucy looked fixedly at him for a moment, with an inquiring countenance, as if to discover what he meant by giving utterance to what seemed very much like a profane expression. It was one of those equivocal speeches she heard him utter more than once.—But when she saw his open, ingenuous countenance, as he regarded her with a fond and earnest gaze, she could not find it in her heart to rebuke him; so she merely said, “Mr. Gordon, I will decide this matter as soon as I can, and I hope the decision will be the best one for us both.”

## THE NORTH PACIFIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

BY A. W. HABERSHAM. LIEUT. U. S. NAVY.

**I**magine a ship drifting with the swift current of an expansive river to be suddenly arrested by an unexpected sandbank. The ship must now stand still: she is stranded. The current can sweep her no farther; it therefore rears itself against her slanting side, and, rushing around both stem and stern, forms dozens of turbid whirlpools under her lee. Now it presses up her side, now sinks below the general level, now leaps in broken masses up to her very gunwale, and all the while gurgling and foaming in the unsteady eddy under her lee. Imagine such a scene as this, I say, and then multiply it a hundred-fold and you will have a tolerable

idea of the one from which our old ship was now straining every nerve to deliver us. Only in our case the “expansive river” was a moving ocean the “stranded ship a rough and towering mass of loosely-piled rocks, and the “gurgling and foaming of the unsteady eddy” was the surging of the tortured waters, which, as we slowly neared in spite of rising steam, was fast increasing to a deafening roar.

There are some throes of nature which God never intended man to describe. He reserves them in the wandering air, in the boiling centre of our common earth, in the fathomless depths of the slumbering ocean, or in the misty depths of the falling imagi-



nation, until such time as he sees fit to bring them before us in the shape of agents in his own vast and inappreciable schemes. What pen ever yet did justice to the raging breath of the West India hurricane, to the destroying action of the great volcano of Hawaii, or to the scenes of ruin and desolation which follow in the trial of the mysterious "bore" of the Hoogly and other Eastern rivers? My pen also fails to do justice to the scene which I have attempted to place before the reader.

As I have already remarked, there were three of these rocks,—one immensely large, the others comparatively small. They were separated by passages of probably fifty or sixty feet in width, and were gaped and undermined at the water's edge by several gloomy-looking caves, through and *down* which the rushing sea seemed finding a channel to the very bowels of the earth. It was opposite the larger rocks, and distant from it only some three or four hundred yards, that we found ourselves after the steamer had rounded to and commenced to measure her speed with that of this moving ocean. Immediately in our rear was the largest and most gloomy-looking of those downward-leading caves. It was large enough, had our masts been taken out, to receive the entire hull of the steamer into its capacious jaws; and toward these capacious jaws we were now being urged by a power which the advancing land—slowly-advancing, but still *advancing*—told us was greater than our means of resistance.

Send the best helmsman to the wheel. Crowd the furnaces with

coal and pitch. Jam down the safety-valve. *Any thing for steam?*—for steam and close steering are now the only things that can save us.

Backward we go,—slowly backward! The old craft, as if conscious of the shattered timbers and mangled forms which but await her touching to spring into existence, tremble in every joint as the tortured boilers bear their increasing power against the whirling screw,—seventy revolutions to the minute, I think, we were then making,—and yet backward, slowly backward, toward the yawning death. It was sickening to see a patch of sea-weed, or a drifting log, pass us in their unconscious career and in less than a minute of time disappear upon the breast of the diving flood,—down, down, how far?

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We can no longer measure our yards by hundreds. Time is drawing to a close, and space seems shrinking into nothing as though they journeyed to a common grave. A strong arm might have cast a stone into that yawning gulf, when a single order, the first that had been given for apparently an age, told us that the desperate choice had been made.

To be thrown upon the sharp rocks of the sunken reef by the boiling ocean which swept over them, assured us of at least a sunlit grave; while the dark depths of the dismal-looking cavern, rendered doubly dark and gloomy by the contrast with the snowy foam which frothed around its mouth, resembled in their inky hue the commencement of the shadow of the valley of death.

"Starboard!"

Reader, do you know what that



single word meant? Would you see it drawn out into good old English?

It meant that there no longer existed a hope of being able to steam against the rushing tide with our powerless propeller and leaking boilers. It meant that we were to go to death upon the foaming reef in preference to being swept into his embrace in those gloomy depths. It meant that the throbbing brain of him whose slightest word was law even in that moment of awful suspense had decided to give up the unequal struggle and accept the hopeless alternative. It meant that by our own act we were resigning the few minutes during which the struggle might be protracted, to rush headlong upon the less revolting death. It meant that at the end of those "few minutes" certain and instantaneously death awaited us, and that at the end of those few *seconds* possible salvation for a few hours was in store for him who should grasp a broken spar or bouyant cask when the vessel's hull should be ground from under us, and the confused mass of shattered timbers, tangled gear, and mangled forms be swept over the boiling line into the fathomless water beyond. It meant that the moment was at hand when the weak man was to find a speedy end, and when the strong man was to feel his sinewy arm slowly deaden from the protracted labour of self-preservation: slowly, but surely, all flesh must sink. And it meant that brave hearts were now to die, and that fond hearts in another hemisphere were to weep their unknown fate and languish in lonely sorrow until time to them, also, should draw to a close. All this it

meant: and horror, and despair, and approaching dissolution, gathered around us.

"Starboard it is, sir!" said the ready helmsman; and as he spoke the wheel turned evenly under his nervous grasp, and the old ship's head dropped slowly off. Bodily, hopelessly, broadside on, she now drifted toward the last struggle. How quickly those few seconds glide,—small seconds of time, but awful, awful taxes upon the mind's future stability! Men live through past ages in moments like those. The strained and laboring brain burns with a fire that whitens the locks of youth, or sows the seeds of future disease, through sheer intensity of thought.

It is come! Men cease to breathe, and, with half-closed eyes and muscles of iron, grasp a swinging rope or near belaying-pin with unconscious power!—

What? The reef! Where is it? A merciful Being smiled upon his helpless creatures and strengthened their broken reed in that moment of their dire extremity. Our eyes had deceived us. Eyes whose business it had been for years to discover the unknown reef, and to distinguish between that and the deceptive tide-rip had failed for once. *No reef existed.* It was the peculiar formation of the land, combined with the fearful velocity of the rushing ocean, which created a tide-rip that might well have deceived a thousand eyes. And, as we drifted wildly over the boiling space into the "fathomless waters beyond," man's failing eye, which had been dry and hard and burning while death held out his flesh-



less arms, softened with cooling moisture, until those shapeless piles of towering rock grew dim and undefined in their uncertain vision.

Several of us were leaning over the quarter-deck rail, commenting upon their probable disappointment and disgust, when the quartermaster of the watch directed our attention to an immense bear, who, he said, had just appeared upon the beach from the thick undergrowth which almost hid the mouth of the river, our late watering-place. We looked in the direction indicated and saw a huge mass, of a black color, whose well-defined outlines moved slowly toward the water's edge. There was no mistaking it for anything *but* a bear as it picked its lumbering way through the heavy sand and scattered rocks along the rippling beach, toward the southern point of the bay. He was at least a mile, probably more, from us, and yet his huge dimensions and every motion could be seen as plainly as if he had been within gun-shot. We thought how large he must be to show so plainly at such a distance, and longed to cross his path with our rifles and revolvers.

In less than two minutes we were all seated in the crowded stern-sheets of the flying boat, with the eager crew bending to their supple oars, and urging her headlong course toward the unsuspecting monster.—There were five of us in the boat besides the crew, all armed with sharp's rifles and revolvers,—some even with bowie-knives,—while the crew themselves each had a carbine, ship's pistol, and cutlass,—eleven grown-up men, armed to the teeth, and in hot

pursuit of a lazy old bear, who continued his lounging way along the beach without the least indication of consciousness or fear of danger. It was exciting in the extreme to every one but him.

The long sweeping oars of mountain-ash worked with the beautiful regularity of a steam-engine, under the bent backs and swelling muscles of the long-trying and excited oarsmen, and seemed to cast the boat at least her length ahead with every stroke. We were beginning to close in with the beach pretty well; and, just as we had succeeded in getting the bear between us and the shore-party, he seemed to discover us for the first time. Our gliding approach, however, did not apparently disturb him; he only turned a lazy glance toward us, snuffed the tainted air, and continued his lounging gait toward the very clump of sea-weed which the sound judgment of the Kentucky hunter had imagined he would approach in search of some fated shell-fish or other object of food. We saw that the crisis was fast approaching, and we were yet some three hundred feet from the beach: would that he might find some unfortunate crab to arrest his lazy progress until we could give a few more strokes and reach the shore!

To the ambushed hunters these were moments of thrilling excitement. They could not remain positively out of his sight without he being also out of *their* sight, and, notwithstanding his immense bulk and weight, he moved along the sandy beach with such a noiseless tread that they could not judge, from the



sound of his steps, whether he continued his approach, or whether he had taken to the bushes from the noise of our oars. This state of suspense at length became so unbearable that the doctor determined to steal a cautious glance at him over the top of the boulder, and in the execution of this he was so fortunate as to get a good view and recover his hiding-place without being seen by Bruin. The feat was successfully accomplished; but he has often expressed regret at having undertaken it, simply from the fact that the unexpected size and ferocious look of the monster, combined with the startling accounts we had all heard of his desperate mode of fighting, and their own total want of defensive arms, so troubled his ordinarily-steady nerves that he felt he should have fired with a truer eye and more steady aim had he avoided looking at him until the moment arrived to do so along the barrel of his musket.

His description of his savage appearance, as observed while he was thus evidently unconscious of the presence of danger, was vivid in the extreme.

"When I lifted my eye over the boulder," he said, "I expected to see him at a distance of at least fifty yards up the beach, and to find him of a reasonable size. Imagine my surprise, therefore, indeed, my alarm, to find him almost under our noses and exceeding in size the largest of oxen. I must confess that I longed at that moment for one or two things—either to feel my knife and revolver in my belt, or myself safely on shipboard. In fact, I think the lat-

ter feeling was a *little* the strongest if anything. Of course my survey was a hurried one: still, I saw more than enough to increase my fears as to the result. See here what it was that I saw.

"His head, though quite large, was small when compared with his huge fore-shoulders, of a jet-black hue, and covered with a growth of short, sleek hair that shone as if he had just dipped it into a barrel of grease. The rest of his body was covered with long and thick *wool*, rather brownish along the backbone, but as black as his head everywhere else. His fore-legs were of an awful size, his height from four to five feet, and his length of body and limb absolutely horrifying. I calculated at the time that he could not have weighed less than fifteen hundred pounds,—possibly more; and, as I imagined myself borne down by that weight, I shuddered.

The deafening report of Lawton's heavy-bored rhinoceros rifle at my very ear caused me to spring to my feet and glance hurriedly around with a confused idea that concealment was no longer our *forte*, and that the time had at length come when muscle, coolness, and determination were the only reserves for us to fall back upon. The game was now evidently under way, and nothing but steady nerves and desperate fighting was to save us.

Lawton had taken me by surprise when he fired; for I was unfortunately so close to the rock that a small projection of its right side completely concealed the bear from my view, while his fore-shoulders and head were exposed to the others. In fact,



he saw the others before I saw him ; and it was a sudden demonstration of flight on his part that had caused the unexpected discharge.

The shades of evening were now being darkened by the near approach of night, but there was still a fair prospect of sufficient light to see us through the affair. It was just dark enough to let one see both the flash and smoke of a discharged piece, and to enable the huntsman to take a deadly aim without the drawback of a distracting ray. We gazed with straining eyes through this gathering gloom, as the crew swung with unfailing muscle to the bending oars.

Shortly we saw another lurid flame flash through the deepening gloom, as the doctor's bent head bent still lower upon the levelled barrel, and at the same instant the full report of a heavily loaded musket broke upon our ear. It took no time to reach us now ; we were within thirty yards of the thrilling scene which was apparently but just commencing, and frames that trembled with excited emotion stood upright in the boat, ready to rush into the unequal struggle as soon as her bow should touch the longed-for beach.

Suddenly our attention is called to our own safety. A sudden jar, a crash of splintering oak, a long grating sound, and the boat's bow is high and dry out of the water, her progress stopped.

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We saw no more for the next few seconds. A sunken rock had crossed our path, and the boat, urged by her tremendous velocity, had run upon

it high and dry. We were thrown in every possible direction,—some overboard, others along the thwarts, others piled in a promiscuous heap in the forward part of the stern-sheets. As for myself, I went overboard head first, but, by catching the gunwale of the boat with my left hand, brought up with only one leg in the water, and enough presence of mind to feel with my foot for bottom, holding my rifle well clear of the water at the same time.

I found it only knee-deep ; and, as we were now not more than a boat's-length from the beach, a general rush was made for it as soon as people had recovered their legs and the depth of water became known.

A general stampede, therefore, ensued, and such a stampede I never engaged in before. Bruin had evidently given up all idea of fighting, and was devoting his waning strength to secure his safety by flight ; and, as he urged his labored and painful retreat through the heavy sand and between fallen trees and projecting rocks, we pressed after him in vain hope that he would outstrip his reckless pursuer sufficiently to let us fire without the risk of hitting the wrong object. But our exertions were of no avail. Lawton ran well, and was evidently gaining ground instead of losing. Nevertheless, Bruin, having considerably the start, reached the edge of the hill-side bushes, in which he disappeared for a moment, and then again broke upon the view, as, with out-hanging tongue, quick breathing, and laborious movement, he dragged his wounded body up the steep and broken hill-side.

[For the Aurora.]

## MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

**H**OW closely associated in the mind are the names, Mother, Home, and Heaven: stirring up in the soul kindred feelings, and awakening the most innocent and soothing emotions. So perfect is their union in our thoughts that the conception of one is incomplete without the other. Who does not feel his heart kindle and glow with feelings of tenderness and love as he pronounces the word Mother? With what a variety of emotions does the soul meditate upon the happy hours spent in her society! There may be loving sisters, a kind, indulgent father, but the mother's name lingers more fondly on the lips, and about her face and form memory gathers with a warmer, fresher feeling, and clings to her looks and tones with a fonder tenacity. The stars may fade away—the sun himself grow dim with age, and the fires of God consume this globe on which we dwell, but the devotion of a mother is unceasing, lasting as eternity itself.

“The same  
Through joy and through sorrow, through  
glory and shame.”

A mother's love is the symbol of the love of our Saviour, for we may at times treat with contempt her good counsel, but she is ever ready to forgive us, and with extended arms welcome us back to her heart and home. She attends us through all the varying scenes of this eventful life, and when her pure spirit wings its flight to heaven, does she not at

times re-visit us in spirit-form, in joy, to temper exultation; in grief to fan the fevered brow with angel wings, and beckon us on to the golden gates, within which “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Sacred, forever, be the dust that covers hers. A stranger should tread lightly over that hallowed spot. There the turf should be greenest, and the sunshine brightest.

We may be separated from her as her voice may be hushed in the stillness of the grave; yet memories of her in the blaze of noon-day, or the solemn silence of night, will steal over us like the minstrel harp, “sad, but pleasant to the soul,” for

There is none  
In all the cold and hollow world, no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that  
within

A mother's heart.”

It is a mother, too, that throws a charm around the place we call home. “Home—there's music in the word, brings its thoughts of our childhood back, the heart's first love and pleasing memories.”

What an untold number of associations cluster around that little word home! hundreds of pens have oft portrayed its joys and sorrows—thousands of tongues have warbled the undying words—

“There's no place like home.”

And yet, though old, the theme is ever fresh and sweet as in the dew of youth. How little do we appreciate the love of home, and all the dear



ones there, until called upon to part with them to find a home among strangers. We may wander far away from new associations, be surrounded by the kindest of friends, and fascinated by the novelty and splendor of a new situation; but all this will not be a substitute for home, and we will look anxiously forward to the time when we shall return and enjoy the society of those most dear to the heart. Even the African, torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoan-land beyond the waters of the sea. The Swiss General, who leads his soldiers into a foreign land, must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung within their hearing, lest at the thrilling sound they leave the camp and fly to their own green hills. The New England mariner amid the ice-bergs of the Northern seas, or floating along the shores of the Pacific, though time may have blanched his raven locks, and his heart have been chilled with the storms of ocean until the fountains of love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current, yet, upon some summer's evening as he looks out upon the sun shining behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the love of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain. New

scenes may, for awhile, engage the attention and enlist the feelings of the heart, and we fancy we have almost forgotten the place of our nativity; but at some evening hour when all is calm and serene, the stillness of which is only broken by the requiem of the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days will steal over our souls like a magic spell and fancy bears us to childhood's scenes, we roam amid the familiar haunts, and listen to the voices of those we shall hear on earth no more. However far we may wander from home, still our hearts will fondly return to the loved spot where we have spent so many happy hours in childish glee. But this, our earthly home, must ere long fade and vanish away, and our dear parents, relatives and friends, bound to us by the holiest ties of affection, must be laid in the cold and silent grave. Yet there is one place where the heart will never sigh for home; a place combining all that is lovely, and all that charms the fancy, and delights the soul; where the measure of every desire shall be complete and full—where the flowers will never fade, but are decked with immortal hues—and where the crystal waters that wind along those verdant plains will never cease to send up their heavenly music, and here will most gloriously blend into one—mother, home and Heaven.

CELESTIA.



[For the Aurora.]

## THE CAMP-MEETING SONG.

**O**CTOBER'S day was at its hight,  
And shining with his radiant light,  
Sweet Phœbus threw his balms full bright,  
Upon the woodland scenery.

I saw fair lines of tents arrayed,  
Beneath the forest's lonely shade ;  
And knew that men all undismayed,  
Encamped, Messiah's chivalry.

No armor flashed to hurt the eye,  
No Banner shone against the sky ;  
With full effulgent folds on high,  
Sure signs of War's dread empery.

My ear caught up no trumpet note,  
Nor heard the dying echoes float  
From fife and drum, and bugle note,  
Attestiag war's proximity

But sweeter sounds than these then came,  
Than ever followed martial brain ;  
A thousand voices swelled the strain,  
In full delightful melody.

Brave men stood there in manhood's prime,  
And age lent to its haltering chime :  
While woman's silver voice kept time,  
First in that lovely harmony.

They sang not of the warrior brave,  
Who'd sent his millions to the grave ;  
But of that King who died to save  
The sons of lost humanity.

I listened to that glorious song,  
And as its echoes swept along,  
Thought mortal strain could ne'er prolong  
Such soul-inspiring symphony.



It seemed as if the Harper's fair,  
That dwell above the upper air,  
Had come below that scene to share  
Beneath the sylvan canopy.

Where now are those that swelled that strain;  
Gone many, from this land of pain,  
To join above the loud acclaim  
Of Heaven's holy minstrelsy.

But still that song doth linger yet,  
In sweet and pleasing retrospect;  
And will till life's last sun shall set  
Upon my earthly memory.

Then may I hear that song again,  
Swell sweetly o'er the heavenly plain;  
And I join in the loud amen,  
Amid that blissful company.

T. E. T.

PIKE COUNTY, MISS., April 15th, 1859.

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[For the Aurora.]

FRAGMENTARIES.

Sunny eyed and rosy fingered  
Memory came to me last night;  
Long and lovingly she lingered  
Over visions traced in light.  
How my heart strings quivered, trembled,  
As her fairy fingers drew  
Pictures that I well remembered,  
When she brought them back to view.  
Life's dark shadows sometimes darken  
All the joyous past to me;  
Magic memory mingles with them,  
Sunny threads of by-gone glee.  
Fair before the mental vision,



Riseth happy childhood's hours,  
 When we roamed the wild woods freely,  
 Culling Spring and life's fair flowers.  
 Little thought we of the future :  
 Our young hearts beat free and warm,  
 Soon on unsuspecting bosoms,  
 Fell life's dark and blighting storm.  
 Scenes that thrilled us then with pleasure,  
 Scarcely now an impress make ;  
 Tones once prized as sweetest music,  
 Will not now sweet echo wake.  
 But when daylight fades around us,  
 And the mellow eve draws nigh,  
 Oft we view in retrospection,  
 Life's young morning's brilliant sky.  
 Once more on the evening stillness,  
 Peals the church bell's silver chime,  
 To the call to vesper worship !  
 Saddest, sweetest, noblest time !

\* \* \* \* \*

Some years ago at this soft hour,  
 I wandered down a moonlight street,  
 Where the lofty boughs above us,  
 Shed a perfume rare and sweet.  
 How can I forget my lingering  
 In that quiet shady way  
 To list to words of purest feeling  
 That a dear one there did say.  
 Never from thy page oh, memory,  
 Will his vows ere blotted be ;  
 And still a faithful spirit lover,  
 Is thy dear one's heart to thee.  
 Woman, thou art strangely slandered,  
 "All thy vows are traced in sand ;"  
 Time will *prove* how firm, how *chângeless*,  
 Peerless woman's truth can stand.  
 Oh ! mem'ry, from thy mystic caves,  
 We pray thee often come ;  
 And ever bring us cheering scenes  
 Of joy, of love, of home.  
 Linger near us with thy magic,  
 At falling eve or midnight hour,  
 For we love thee, peerless fairy,  
 With thy strangely cheering power.

LINTON, February 20, 1859.

V.



## THE ENCHANTED POT.

## A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

**A**S a fancy illustration of the way Providence sometimes take to protect the weak against the strong, the following story has an interest beyond the imaginary scenes which it describes :

There was once a baron who was a very hard and cruel man, quick to get and slow to spend ; greedy of gain and loth to give ; an oppressor of the poor and spoiler of the needy. On his property lived a poor widow with an only son, whom, little by little, he had reduced to the lowest depth of poverty ; so that at last she was unable to pay the rent due for her poor hovel of a house ; and although it was by his own extortion and injustice that she was reduced to such straits, he refused to wait a single day for his money, threatening to turn her and her son out of the house, and seize the miserable remains of their furniture. The poor woman returned home and sent out her son to try and borrow some money from her friends ; but one and all began to make excuses, for no one would help them for fear of the baron. So Holgar, for that was the name of the widow's son, returned home quite out of heart. By-and-by his path led him across a little stream of water ; and when he approached the banks he saw a feeble miserable-looking old man standing beside it, who, as soon as he saw Holgar, asked him to help him over,

he was too weak to cross by himself. So Holgar took him by the hand, for he was a very good-natured lad, and led him safely over the wet slippery stepping-stones ; and then wishing him a kind good morning was walking away, when the old man called after him to stop, and said, "Do not go away until I have thanked you and paid you for your trouble."

"I don't want to be paid," Holgar said ; "I am not such a churl as to refuse to help a fellow creature in distress ; so good-bye."

"Nay," said the old man, putting his hand in his sack and pulling out a three-legged copper pot, "but take that with you."

"I am very much obliged," answered Holgar, "but the pot will be of no use ; for the truth is we have nothing to boil in it."

"Never mind you about that," said the old man : "You just put it on the fire and see what will happen."

So Holgar took the pot, which was for all the world like any other copper pot, and went home to his mother, and showed her what he had got, and told her how all their friends had refused to help them. But the mother kicked the pot away with her foot, and rocked herself backwards and forwards in her chair, lamenting the unkindness of their friends ; and Holgar said : "Mother, I shall do



as the old man told me—I shall set the pot on the fire.”

So he set it on; and no sooner did the pot feel the smoke and the flames curling about it than it called out, “I run! I run!!”

“Where do you run to?” asked the widow, suddenly stopping in her lamentations, and starting up; but the pot only cried, “I run! I run!”

“Well, run, then!” quoth the woman, “and fetch us some of the good soup, such as I saw on the baron’s kitchen grate.”

Scarcely had she spoken when the pot flew out of the cottage door and presently returned filled with the most delicious soup. Oh, it smelt so nice! For a moment or two the mother and son stood quite amazed, but soon recovering their senses, they fell to and ate it up.

But Holgar said, “Let us see if it can bring us anything else but eatables; for food is a good thing, but money is better.” So he put the pot on the fire again, and stirred the fire to make it burn brightly, and as soon as ever the pot felt the flames, it called out as before,

“I run! I run!”

“Run, then,” said Holgar, and bring us the ten pounds we owe the baron.

So the pot flew off, and when it came back—there lay ten golden sovereigns in the bottom.

“It is a splendid pot,” said Holgar; and the next day he went and paid his debt to the baron. Every evening they ordered the pot to fetch what they needed—sometimes food, sometimes money, the latter of which they saved in order to buy another cow. And where the pot got the

things it brought them they did not know. Perhaps it ran to the old man who gave it to Holgar; but in truth the pot got them from the baron’s kitchen, and the baron’s money-box.

Now, the baron, being a great miser, went every day to his money box and counted his money, and sorely vexed and troubled was he when every day he found something wrong. There must be some one who has a false key, he thought; so at next night he hid himself behind the curtain and watched. Presently he heard a low knocking, and peeping out, he saw the window open of its own accord, and a little copper pot on three legs come in. It knocked with its handle on the money box, and the lid flew open, and the pot scraped into itself some money, and jumped out of the window, and lid and window shut of their own accord.

“Well,” exclaimed the baron, “this beats Gaffer Clinch’s cat!” But the next night the baron was on the watch again, and as the pot had collected the money it wanted, he laid hold of it by one of the legs, and thought that now the thief was caught. But lo and behold! the pot was stronger than he was, and dragged him across the room up to the window, and if he did not let go its leg, would surely have flown off with him. ‘O, well, just you wait, my good pot,’ said the baron, ‘you have got away this time; but you shall not make a goose of me again.’

The next night, as soon as ever the pot had entered the room on its three copper legs, and scraped together the money, the baron, who



was a stout heavy man, clapped himself down upon it, and bursted out laughing, said in a taunting tone, "Now, my lad, let us see what you can do." But the pot minded him no more than if he had been a feather, and, while the baron was fain to hold tight on its sides, flew out of the window with him over field and meadow, over stock and stone, and did not stop until it stood still below the widow's chimney-piece.

"Why, what's come to the pot?" cried the widow; "it has brought the baron; and she and her son were terribly frightened when they saw the lord of the manor sitting there amongst the ashes.

As soon as the baron had recovered breath enough to speak, he exclaimed, "Oh you wicked woman, I will have you and your son hung and burnt. So it is your pot that has been robbing me every day, and breaking open my money-box."

In vain the widow and Holgar protested they knew not where the pot got the things it brought them.

There the baron sat boiling with passion, and refusing to listen to a word.

"Hold him fast, Pot," said Holgar, when he saw the baron trying to get up; "if you mean to revenge yourself in that manner, you shall sit there forever."

No sooner had he said it when the baron found himself so tightly glued to the pot, that he could not, though he tried with all his strength, get free of it. He tugged and tugged until he and the pot both rolled over on the floor together, and Holgar and his mother stood by, laughing until their sides ached. When the baron

found that all his strength was of no use, he stopped rolling about, and said, "Let me go, good people, and I will not punish you at all."

"That will not do," said Holgar; "I will have the leases of my father's former house, and you must supply me with horses, cows, and sheep, and all things necessary for a farm."

"No! no!" roared the baron, writhing and twisting himself about as he spoke—"No! that I never will: I will die first."

"Ah, well," said Holgar, "never is a long day. You may sit there and think about it. So he put on his hat, and went out of doors. But he had hardly been gone above a quarter of an hour, when his mother came running after him, and called him back; and as soon as the baron saw him he told him he would consent to all he asked. Then Holgar sent for some of the neighbors, and put it all down upon paper, and made the baron sign it, and then told him he might get up and go home as soon as he pleased. So he arose and slunk home, quite ashamed of himself, grinding his teeth for very anger, and vowing vengeance. However, he was so afraid of Holgar and his pot, that he thought it best to keep his word, and let him and his mother alone for the future. Perhaps had he known the truth he might have behaved less well, for the very day that he fulfilled his contract, and put Holgar and his mother in possession of the farm, the copper pot, greatly to Holgar's grief, disappeared. But no doubt he was better off without it, for odd ways of getting things are generally wrong ways and the enchanted pot might not al



ways have been so discreet as to have taken only what just belonged to his mother, and so might in the end have brought them into sad trouble and disgrace.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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THE MOTHER'S MISSION.—Possibly the *most* important subject in the world. *The Mother's Mission!* how much depends upon the understanding which a woman has of these words. As there is no love like a mother's, so is there no power like hers. From her breasts the young immortal draws far more than the sweet food which strengthens his in-

fantile frame. Looking up from her lap 'into the blue heaven of her eye,' every shaping influence falls sweetly and ceaselessly upon his receptive and plastic soul. The few years which are spent by a mother's side undoubtedly fix the character and decide the destiny of every heart, and of these years the earlier are most important. *A Mother's mission!* It is no less than, with unutterable solicitude, to be the minister of eternal life or death to the heart whose earliest drops were drawn from her own, and which smiled or slept in later months upon her happy bosom.

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## RATS.

**I**MET lately with a book on natural history in which the writer, who is an enthusiastic lover of animals, devotes a large space to the history of Rats. He took much pains in collecting every variety, and taming them, so that he could observe their habits. You would be surprised to know how many kinds there are; the brown rat which infests our houses and gives us so much trouble, being the most common, on untameable. There is a very beautiful white Rat, found in some parts of Europe and Asia, which is large strong and sagacious.

Rats are like quirels in their habits and food—have sea mouths and

teeth, and handle their paws in the same way. Like them too they can climb, though not so nimbly, and like them, they live in holes, though they prefer the ground, while squirrels generally inhabit hollow trees.

They keep themselves as clean as kittens, and much in the same way. After eating or drinking, they always spend a long time in wiping their tiny mouths with their paw. They are very fond of water, and cannot live long without it. If shut up in a cage where they can get no moisture, they die in a day or two. The Naturalist to whom I have referred, once caught a large and savage rat, and shut him up in a cage. It was so fine an animal, and bei

of an unusual species, he desired to tame it. But the rat resisted all overtures until the second day, when the Naturalist perceived that he acted very strangely; he was languid, and without making any effort to escape from the hand which approached him, would turn up his eyes in a piteous manner. His master then placed a spoonful of water under the bars of the cage, when the whole aspect of the poor creature was immediately changed. He ran to the bars and drinking the water eagerly, manifested almost as much joy and gratitude as a human being could have shown.

It is astonishing where they all come from. There seems to be no place where there is a hole large enough to hide a rat, where one may not be found, and if driven away, others come. But they will not stay where they are constantly disturbed, and they very much dislike to have cats and terriers prowling round their holes.

Another curious fact is, that they destroy each other. If a number are confined together, they will be sure to fall to fighting, and a powerful rat has been known to kill twenty or thirty others, only himself being left alive. They also destroy each other when left at liberty; particularly if one becomes wounded or ill, in which case he is soon despatched by the rest.

It is said that no rat has ever been found asleep. This Naturalist informs us that among the hundreds which he had tamed and observed, he never saw but one asleep, and he was not certain of that. I should add

that he never succeeded in taming any, perfectly, though generally they would become so accustomed to him in a single day, as not to bite.

Rats have been used for food by those who have no other meat. In the South Sea Islands, the missionaries found that the Indians thought their flesh very dainty. John Williams, a noble English Missionary, who after laboring many years among the South Sea Indians, was at last killed by them, informs us that one time, when a good many of the Indians had become Christians, and they were all very desirous to try to do right a committee of chiefs came to him, and said they wished to ask a question. It was, whether it was wicked to eat rats? Mr. Williams told them, that he thought there was no sin in it, particularly, but that he would give them better meat, and so furnished them with some pigs and goats from which they might raise up others.

Dr. Kane informs us, that when he was in the Arctic regions, he and his men were nearly starved for want of fresh meat, and became very sick. One day he opened a collection of insects or plants which he had accumulated, and he found to his sorrow, that the rats had eaten them all. It occurred at him to punish them in the same way. So he made a little bow and arrow, and the next rat which ran out, popped him over, cooked him and ate him. He assures us that the rats' flesh was very palatable, and he continued the practice as long as the rats lasted, to the great improvement of his health and increase of his strength.



Sometimes they commit queer freaks. A friend of mine, an old gentleman, was once standing in a store room, where two men were trying to kill a rat. It ran upon the shelves, and behind the barrels, and between the boxes, and the pursued it every where, punching with sticks, rattling with broom handles, and trying to grasp him with the tongs. But he eluded them for a long time, when being hard pressed, he suddenly ran out, and rushed up one of the legs of my friend's pantaloons, quick-

er than thought. It was summer, and he wore a very loose pair of linen trousers, and linen coat. He was much terrified, but being a man of presence of mind, stood perfectly still. Up—up—up—the rat travelled, scratching his way. Think of a rat travelling up *your* back! At length the rat emerged at the top, and standing one instant on my friend's head, made a desperate jump through the window and disappeared.

[*Chronicle.*

UNCLE PETER.

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[ORIGINAL.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO A BELOVED FRIEND ON THE DEATH  
OF HER LITTLE SON.

Sister, what means that heaving breast, that tearful eye,  
And that deep settled grief, that like an iucubus,  
Weighs down thy spirits and makes all around,  
Appear a darksome, gloomy scene. Methinks I hear thee say,  
My best beloved, my darling little one is gone.  
I saw him waste away, and like a bud of early promise,  
Torn from the present stem by some rude blast, he faded;  
And his pale cold lips lie silent in the grave.  
He was the life of all my earthly joys,  
Light of my eyes, and comfort of my heart,  
But now its anguished tones, re-echo the sad truth,  
That I shall see his face again no more."  
But listen, Sister: 'Twas a heavenly voice that called thy son,  
And gently from thy fond embrace, took him to rest in heaven.  
There, free from all the woes and sorrows that carroude  
The joys of earth, and sins that mark each gilded hour  
Of promised happiness with deep regret, he stands  
Among the happy throng, who strike their golden harps,

And tune their voices to the melody of Heaven.  
True thy fond heart feels keenly the sad stroke,  
And bleeds afresh at each remembrance of thy child.  
And when thine eyes dost chance to rest upon his empty seat,  
And when at twilight's hour thou listenest,  
For his joyous step and gladsome voice  
Hast'ning to lisp his infant prayer, and share the evening kiss  
Ere he retired to rest. Or when thou seest his little crib  
Stand empty in its accustomed place,  
Then all the mother will gush forth in tears.  
Well, thou may'st weep, for Jesus wept when standing  
With the sisters at the grave of their departed friend.  
And he did not rebuke the tears of the poor widow  
Whom he met without the gate of Nain,  
But all his bowels of compassion moved for her.  
And when he gave her only son for whom she mourned  
Back to her aged arms, and made the widow's heart  
To sing for joy—did not his holy soul rejoice?  
Then let a7ection's tears flow freely. They will relieve the burden  
Of thy o'ercharged heart, yet in thy tears remember  
That thy Father's hand hath done it, and in love  
He chastens those whom he receives.  
If He had still withheld his hand, nor taught thee  
By afflictions, that this world is not thy rest,  
Sure thou hadst reason then to fear  
That thou wast never called into his blessed family.  
Then sister, kiss the rod and meekly say,  
"Thy blessed will O, Father, and not mine be done."  
Be jealous of thy heart, lest unawares, it murmur at His works,  
Who doeth all things well, and think that when he took  
Only what he bestowed, he was unjust,  
But hark! didst thou not hear a cherub voice  
Take up the lofty strain, "blessing and honor be to Him  
Who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forevermore."  
'Twas his voice. Among that infant multitude  
Thy darling Robert stands and loudly swells the chorus  
"Thou wast slain for us."  
Then speed thee on thy pilgrim way, my sister,  
Onward lead the little flock which the great Shepherd  
Still entrusteth to thy care, and when the pilgrimage is o'er  
And Beulah's beauteous land appears before thy raptured vision,  
Perhaps thy cherub babe may stand among the shining ones  
Upon the farther bank of the dark river,  
Waiting to escort thee into His presence through the golden gates,  
Where death shall never find admittance, and sorrows moan is never heard.



For he hath said, "nor ghastly death, nor falling tear, nor sighing  
Dolorous and sad shall ever enter whither my beloved hath gone,  
But joys ineffable, and glories which hath never entered  
The faint, sinful heart of mortals  
Shall be their portion evermore."

ZILLAH.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AMERICAN MOTHERS.

BY MRS. SARAH B. COOPER.

It is said that Napoleon asked Madam Campan what the French nation most needed, in order that her youth might be properly educated. Her reply was condensed in one word—"MOTHERS."

And it was a most significant reply. Not only the French nation, but our own loved *America* needs them. Intelligent, well trained, conscientious, devoted mothers are wanted all over our land. In the quiet country home—in the rude hut of the newly discovered frontier home—in the mountain retreat—in the valley farm—in the princely mansion—and in the peasant's cot, *mothers* are needed; mothers under whose judicious, maternal love, and well-directed influence a family of noble, high-minded, public-spirited sons; or modest, prudent, kind-hearted daughters, are trained and sent forth to bless and elevate mankind.

Mothers of America! Think of the mighty trust confided to your keeping! Think of the mighty interests

intrusted to your care! Think of the overwhelming responsibility resting upon you for the right training and directing of the future leaders of the great commonwealth! Think of the fathers and mothers of *other* families which are to spring from your own, and still others from *them*, carrying with them *your* influence through all time—and through eternity! Think what a solemn, a sacred, and yet what a glorious responsibility is yours!

Mothers of America! Look well to the education of your sons and daughters. Modern systems of education are illy adapted to the full development of both mind and heart. Far better calculated are they to prepare the daughters of our land to dazzle in the circles of fashion and gaiety, than to shine in the happy retirement of home. A brilliant polish given to the exterior, but too often a firm superstructure of intelligence, social virtue, domestic accomplishments, and genuine moral worth

is entirely neglected and forgotten; and illy prepared are they to meet the every-day realities of life without these higher virtues.

Mothers of America! Entrust to no one the entire guidance and supervision of your daughter's education. Let your own hand direct—your own eye keep watchful vigels over each successive step. Let every grace, every ornament, every elegance that is calculated to adorn female character, be hers; but see to it, that with these lesser accomplishments, she has also those higher treasures wisdom and knowledge, which are calculated to make her the potent goddess of her household—the efficient and faithful companion of her husband—the revered and honored mother of her children. Your own hand shall thus add to the strength and glory of our nation.

Mothers of America! Would you avert the fearful tide of extravagance, dissipation and crime that is rushing with frantic fury over our land, and

sending desolation to many a hearthstone! Teach your sons and your daughters to be honest, unpretending, frugal and simple in their habits of life. Make them to feel and understand that to be *truly* great and honorable, is, to live to some high and noble purpose. Let them not forget, that all radical improvements must *first* commence in the homes and hearts of the families of our land. All evils and defects, if remedied at all, must first be reached at *home*. And the *mother* is to be the herald of reform. The seeds of social life or death are sown by her, and the harvest-time shall tell her doings. Think of it mothers! And let the thought inspire you with courage to perform your duty—and a fearful dread of its neglect; for remember that—

“When we see the flower seeds wafted  
From the nurturing mother tree,  
We can tell wherever planted,  
What the harvesting will be;  
Never from the blasting thistle  
Was there gathered golden grain,—  
Thus the seal the child receiveth  
From its MOTHER, will remain.”



[ORIGINAL.]

## THINGS TO CHERISH.

Loving hearts that never chaage  
    'Mid life's changing bower,  
Hearts that love as well in gloom  
    As in fortune's brightest hour.  
Lips that blame and bless us too,  
    Hands that guide our feet aright ;  
Cheerful words that make us strong  
    As we walk through life's dark night,  
Loving smiles and beaming eyes,  
These, oh ! these are things to prize.

Ah, when these have passed away,  
    When fond friends around thee sleep,  
When each loving heart is gone  
    Where no soft tones around thee sweep—  
When the hands that clasp thine own,  
    Never clasp thine own again ;  
When the name so cherished now,  
    Thrills thy heart with bitter pain.  
Then, oh ! then thou'lt learn to prize  
Loving hearts and beaming eyes.

Love the friends that round thee throng,  
    Prize each lovely look and tone—  
Prize the lips that on thee smile,  
    Prize the hands that clasp thine own.  
So shall life be bright to thee,  
    So shall sorrow lose its sting,  
As thy soul without a fear,  
    Kneels beneath love's holy wing.  
Oh ! forget not thou to prize  
Loving hearts and beaming eyes.

MATILDA.

## THE FASHIONABLE MILLINER.

There it is, the fashionable milliners shop, and there in the spacious room sits the fashionable milliner. She is a study in herself, that little woman with her ready smile, quick wit and busy manner. She has so long lived in an atmosphere of flowers and ribbons and delicate laces, that she seems in her neat little person a combination of them all, having the grace of the pliable silk, the color of the rose and the transparency of the lace.

Look at her with a streamer of silver tissue depending from that white, well moulded arm. See her charming bow to madam, how deferential her glance towards the gentleman who accompanies her, as if she would say, with the least bit of hesitancy, I think possibly I can please you, also, sir. She leads them into her show-room, as some affable hostess might usher her guests into her parlor—and mercy on us! what an array. Wonder not that he of the purse stands aghast. What! all these streamers, these rows on rows of fairy like shells, with the bugles and the feathers and the sprays of straw and the unimaginable forms to be disposed of this season? Well may you wonder country cousin, to whose curtailed coat sleeve the large, red wrist of aunt Patty is inexplicably fastened, stand with hollowed cheeks and staring eyes, tacking on to his low whistle of astonishment, “creation tu goodness, ain’t that a sight?”

And the fashionable milliner; did

you ever see a way so coaxing, a smile so sweet? A green bonnet, “oh! yes, madam—charming, sweet! doesn’t it become her, sir?”

“Still that pink over there—”

“Pink! it is such a lovely color—just try it on—there! after all, pink is your color—isn’t it, sir? How dark and soft in makes her eyes look, doesn’t it, sir?”

“That blue with the white feather.”

“Ah! now I think of it, we ought to try the blue, by all means. I had no idea your complexion was so fair. Really, a perfect conquest—wouldn’t she be, sir, with so sweet a hat? And then the feather—I think you will prefer the blue.”

“Is the one yonder a salmon shade?”

“Just the slightest salmon, and one of the most elegant hats we have. Salmon is *nlways* becoming you know; you will be quite regal in salmon.”

“This straw—

“Straw—perhaps you were aware that straw is the most fashionable at present, and the sprays will make it enchanting. Isn’t it quite the thing, sir?”

“Very pretty—very good,” chimes in a deep and not over musical voice. “Don’t be too long, Milly—what’s the price of this one?”

And now the little milliner speaks up in such a spightly, seductive voice—“oh! sir, well—we have been selling them at twenty-two dollars, as—”



"Jerusalem," mutters Johathan, clapping his hands on his pocket; anda vanishing coat tail and the bottom of a brown bombazine catch the quick glance of the fashionable mil-

liner just as she puts two bank bills in her guilt edge porte monnaie.

She only whispers aside to a black eyed French girl—"fourteen dollars profit."

M. A. D.

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### THE WAY TO SPOIL GIRLS.

If any parent wishes a receipe how to spoil daughters, it can be easily and readily given, and can be proved by the experience of hundreds to be certain and efficacious.

1. Be always telling her, from earliest childhood what a beautiful creature she is. It is a capital way of inflating the vanity of a little girl, to constantly say 'How pretty!' Children understand such flattery even when in the nurse's arms, and the evil is done the character in its earliest formation.

2. Begin as soon as she can toddle around to rig her up in fashionable clothes and rich dresses. Put a hoop upon her at once, with all the artificial adornments of flonnces, and feathers, and flowers, and curls. Fondness for dress will thus become a prominent characteristic and will usurp the whole attention of the young immortal and be a long step towards spoiling her.

3. Let her visit so much that she finds no happiness at home, and therefore will not be apt to stay there and learn home duties. It is a capital thing for a spoiled daughter to seek all her happiness in visiting, and change of place and associates. She

will thus grow as useless, as modern fashionable parents delight that their daughters should be.

4. Let her reading consist of novels of the nauseating sentimental kind. She will be spoiled sooner than if she perused history or science. Her heart will be occupied by fictitious scenes and feeling; her mind filled with unrealities, and her aims placed on fashion and dress and romantic attachments

5. Be careful that her education gives her a smattering of all the accomplishments, without the slightest knowledge of the things really useful in life. Your daughter won't be spoiled so long as she has a real desire to be useful in the world, and aims at its accomplishment. If her mind and time are occupied in modern accomplishments, there will be no thought of the necessity and virtue of being of some real use to somebody, pervading her heart, and she will be soon ready as a spoiled daughter.

6. As a consequence, keep her in profound ignorance of all the useful arts of housekeeping, impressing upon her mind that it is vulgar to do anything for yourself, or to learn how anything is done in the house. A

spoiled daughter never should be taught the mysteries of the kitchen—such things a lady always leaves to the servants. It would be 'vulgar' for her to know how to dress trout or shad, to bake, to wash to iron, to sweep, to wring the neck of a live chicken, pluck it and prepare it for breakfast, or to do anything that servants are hired to do. As a mistress of a house, it is her duty to sit on a

velvet sofa all day, in the midst of a pyramid of silks and flaunces, reading the last flash novel, while her domestics are performing the labors of the house.

To complete the happiness of your *spoiled daughter*, marry her to a bearded youth with soft hands who knows as little how to earn money as she does to save it. Her happiness will be *finished*, for her lifetime.

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[ORIGINAL.]

## THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

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BY I N D A .

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**V**ERY important is it that woman be educated, and well educated. Onward and upward is the progress of the age, and woman must keep up in the march of intellect or lose her place and be left behind. Inaction will not do, she must be "up and doing." There is great need of *well* educated women, especially in this land of ours, where the government is democratic—our rulers cannot live always—soon will they pass off the stage of action, and their places be filled by the present youth. Vast are the consequences which depend upon the character of the rising generation—vast the importance of training them aright—how shall this be done? Those men will be *just*

*such* men as women [make] them; their characters will ever bear the stamp which their mothers place upon them. How important is it then that the characters of the women should be noble and good, as this, and his alone, is the way to form aright the character of the "hope of our country."

Dr. Cox, in a speech on Female Education, speaking of the influence of women in our country, says, "we live in a country that befits, that requires universal education." When Napoleon, glorying in the prosperity of his beautiful, lovely France, asked Madam Campan, "what more do we need to put us on the apex of the world?" she promptly replied:—"WE NEED MOTHERS, SIR." And



she was right—*Mothers*, educated mothers, were sadly wanting, and are yet; and not in France alone. Many of our citizens are awakening to the true interests of our country in this regard. OUR SONS AND OUR DAUGHTERS MUST ALL BE WELL AND PROPERLY EDUCATED, OR OUR COUNTRY IS UNDONE." "That our country may be prosperous, we must *educate the Women*."

It has ever been acknowledged by the reflecting and the wise, that the power possessed and wielded by woman for the weal or woe of mankind, is very great. "The general character of a nation must ever depend upon that of the women."—This was the case in Sparta, in Rome, and 'neath the sway of Chivalry, but then her influence was not that of mind, while now intellect and genius assert their independence, and here woman assumes a new form of influence. Splendid have been the creations of her mind. Released from the fetters which had for ages bound it, the wing of her genius has soared in power Omnipotent."

And Sheridan acknowledges that "Woman rules us;" and say, in view of all this, should not woman be educated, and *well* educated, too? Since she rules, should not man do all in his power to cultivate her talents and enlighten her mind, that she may make a *good* ruler? But it remains to inquire, since woman's education is of so much importance, what it should be? Is the present system correct? if not, what are its faults? Alas! the present system of Female Education is very defective—very faulty. Its object seems to be not to *educate the mind* of wo-

man, but to *accomplish* her. It makes no difference whether she knows if Cicero was a Dutchman or a French dancing-master—whether it was Demosthenes that finally succeeded in getting the English crown, or Don Quixote; but if she should happen to appear in company with her curls a little disarranged, why that would be "dreadful." It makes no difference how ignorant she is—the more so the better—but if she should happen to courtesy the least imaginable part of an inch too low, that would be a matter of some consequence—that needs correction by all means. Now, if a *lady* can lisp a little Italian, say, "Parlez-vous Français," and a few more equally learned French phrases, hop over the floor all night to the playing of the fiddle, in a manner which her puppy-fied French master says is "very graceful, Mlle very graceful," but which common sense calls undignified and *disgraceful*. If she can embroider blue poodle-dogs, resting 'neath *red* trees, near their *green* masters, give the piano and her hearers too, *fits*, while she executes so finely the difficult and brilliant variations of the celebrated "Java March," or popular "German Gallopade," or sings in a die-away style,—some senseless ditty which is *love, love, love*, all the way through; when she can do all this, she's educated—she is accomplished, has nothing more to learn, and so graduates and goes home to her admiring friends. That is the *amount* of her education, and the sole end and aim for which she is educated, is to *get married*. So with this end constantly in view when she leaves school she proceeds to sigh a little,



paint a good deal, (her face, I mean) arrange her curls, bang the piano, embroider slippers, read novels, simmer and talk nonsense till she succeeds in getting married, and that's the end of her. She drops all her accomplishments, and disappears out of this troublesome world—her market's made—she's got a husband and is content. While he, poor fellow—but the less that is said about his end of the bargain the better. But some one asks, "Is this all the education of Woman at the present time?" Why, my dear sir, what else, pray, do the gentlemen prize? Isn't the sole end and object of woman's life much less her education, to get married.

And this is the substance of Woman's education. They educate her fingers—she can play—and her toes—she can dance; but the God-gifted intellect is left untouched—no time amid her many accomplishments has woman to attend to that, no need has she of it!

And when there does happen a woman with a great mind, and a *will* to cultivate it as it should be done—the ladies open their eyes for a moment—ejaculate "wonderful!"—perhaps insinuate "She's crazy, poor thing"—and then go on carressing their poodle dogs—no sympathy—no encouragement, for their noble sister—none—she must struggle on unaided—kept back rather by their sneers. And the men too instead of admiring her intellect—instead of assisting her in her upward march on the hill of Science and Fame, fold their arms and watch her a moment and then say sneeringly "A Blue." It requires a strong intellect—a

mighty determination to succeed to enable a woman to triumph over the difficulties that beset her—is it wonderful then that but comparatively few women become "great shining lights" in the world of mind?

But if the present Education of woman is wrong, what should it be?

It should be very thorough, physically, mentally and morally. It should look not to the outward appearance, but to the cultivation and improvement of her mind and heart! God has given Woman an intellect, and he will hold her responsible for the talent intrusted, and it will be no excuse for her in the last great day—that he gave her not as much as he did man—he will expect her to account for her one talent in the same proportion as man for his five, and will hold her just as guilty if she improve it not.

Woman's Education should be just as thorough as man's—just as thorough—"Oh but her mind is not equal to, and differs from man's, consequently her education should not be as thorough." I deny that, "All this," in the language of Sydney Smith "appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understanding of the men and woman we meet every day everybody must perceive but there is none sure that can not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together—they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one of these creatures and train them up to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly oppo-



site set, of course their understandings will differ as one or the other talent has been called into action.

"But knowledge has the effect of making a woman pedantic and affected." I deny that. That fashionable Education does this I know—then girls get just that little knowledge which is a "dangerous thing." By it her mind is just polished to that degree which makes it

—"a mirror that reflects

To proud self-love her own intelligence;

A severer mental discipline a greater depth of attainment would tend to check this self-importance by letting one see how little she really does know.

Woman's mind should undergo just as severe discipline as man's. There is no reason why she should be debarred from the pleasure arising from the study of the grand old Latin and magnificent Greek—why she should not go through the intri-

cate yet beautiful reasoning of the higher Mathematics. Woman has a *right* to a superior education and she should not be deprived of it

There is nothing so much needed by the woman of the 19th century as a higher intellectual culture. "Girls come out of their Seminaries" finished at just the age the schoolboy begins his college life and although those who have some literary tendency may enrich their minds by reading yet that severe discipline which is necessary even to the strongest intellect is wanting." This will never do—never! and I hope the day will soon come when woman, unheeding man's sneer "A Blue" will cultivate her intellect as it should be done, vie with the "Lords of Creation" in her strides up the hill of science, and "conquering by mind" take her place as man's equal both in *soul* and intellect.

Eaton Female College, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

## SECOND CHILDHOOD.

The old man falters, and his grey hairs float over the flaxen curls of the babe upon his knee. He falters—for he is telling a simple tale, a little meaningless nursery story, and the recital brings tears to the childish old eyes, until verily he is sobbing over that glossy hair. The babe looks up unmoved, only wondering what makes grandpa cry; and its tiny fingers receive the tears as they drop.

Second childhood! There is something strange, yet strangely tender in the contemplation of decrepid old age; something sorrowful in the plaintive, tremulous tone of his cracked voice; something wailing in the way he looks in faces that are dear to him—something sweet in the clinging tenderness with which the old man in his dotage grasps the strong man that supports him.

"Forty years ago," and that is the burden of daily song—"forty years ago—ah! I was young then," and the faded eyes roll upward, and the venerable brow is shaken. The songs of "Lang Syne" are remembered with the clustering jokes, the familiar faces, the sunny smiles, while the death of yesterday is only dimly thought of when some passing expression, something missed, attracts for a brief moment his wandering thoughts.

And now he takes his cane, cut years ago from the branch of an aged hickory, and totters forth, led by a child. A spear of grass is placed in his trembling hand, and he babbles over it, winding it over his bluish white finger, and patting it on his knee. Sometimes (and it seems then as if some angel influence had warmed the brain to a momentary intelligence) he looks up into the sky—with what a glance! So childlike, so confiding, with a smile all free from earthliness, with a trust that sayeth "my Father."

Second childhood! the old wife has gone—there are many graves in the ancient church yard where the sod has laid long on his treasures. Does he remember the babe that crowed in his then strong arms, sixty years ago? Yes; though he walks on graves, and as far as human hopes are concerned, his bosom is one grand sepulchre—he remembers them all. Like a blind man groping, he feels his way along the steep of his decline. The briars are there—but his feet have long been shod with the preparation of the gospel—he feels them not.

Second childhood—in all but stature, he is a babe—a puling, tottering babe, but oh! almost an angel in the strength of glorious infancy. Very near the pearly gates is he—very near the golden streets. Those now faltering steps will soon tread with young elastic steps through the New Jerusalem, and he will no more forever know the first and second childhood of mortality.

M. A. D.



## THE LITTLE EVANGEL.

BY MARY A. STARR.

"Speak gently to the erring."

"Bring flowers to the captive's cell,  
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;  
 Of the sparkling streams, and sunny skies,  
 And the world shut out from his languid eyes;  
 They bear him a thought of his childhood's hours'  
 And a dream of hope—bring flowers, fresh flowers."  
 MRS. HEMAN.

Dear reader, I embrace you ; you're going to read my story, aren't you ?

It is very simple;—simple as an artery from the heart; only a little channel filled with blood, that is all! simple as a wild flower in the depth of the forest ; and a blue violet—nothing more ! and yet, you will read it.

Let us be kind friends for a few minutes. Let us sit here hold of hands while I tell you.

Are there frosts of age upon your head and heart ? Listen benignly to a tale told by one whose hair is yet bright with youth, and upon whose heart but few chilly years have fallen. Are you young ? I know that the heart of the young is ever open ; take me in a moment.

Are you middle-aged, full of care, weary wondering what is the good of living only to toil ? See—I lay my hand upon your forehead, smoothing away its wrinkles and bidding dull care begone for awhile. Be hopeful and patient, weary one ! It is not the soldier's in battle, blinded by smoke, and crazed by the din, who can see how order is to come out of the confusion, or how the day is going.—They work and fight, obeying th-

voice of their commander, and know idg scarce anything else ; and lo ! the smoke clears away, and they march out into the sunlight, and laurels are about their heads. Only mind you fight on the side of the Lord of Hosts, and the crown will come, and the rest.

Are you sinful ? So was Magdalen ; and yet she was one of Jesus's chosen friends, and the first to whom he appeared after the resurrection.—God knows your temptation.

Are you a follower of the world, devoted to its fashions and follies ? You don't find them very satisfactory, do you, friend ? Your face says "no," though your lips will not. There is much of nobleness yet within you ; it will assert itself.

Are you a mourner ? God comfort you, then, for I cannot. Not a flower in all my garden of life has withered. I shudder to think that they may. Poor mourner ! whether death or the world, or sin or pride, has come between you and the loved one, I can only say, "Dry thou the mourner's tears."

Is it a child whose bright eyes rest upon the page ? Bend your lips a little lower, sweet one, upon the name.

at the head of the chapter. Children never refuse to kiss Mary Starr, and many a dear little face grows brighter when she approaches.

But—my story.

“Mister, here’s some flowers for you.”

The sweet, childish voice sounded strangely amid such surroundings.—The dim passage, with stone walls, and ceiling, and floor, give back a sharp echo, and the mournful rays of light, that seemed to have grown rusty coming through the grated windows, and grated doors on either side of the passage, lighted gladly upon the child’s bright little figure, as though it reminded them of the flowers without.

The prisoner at the door of whose cell little Nellie Ray stood, was lying upon his bed with his face buried in the pillow; and the child pressed her soft little cheek against the iron grating to get a better view of him, and her golden locks showed goldenly against the sombre background.

“Is you cryin,” she repeated.

The man raised his head, and gazed wonderingly toward the door with his haggard eyes, but could see nothing at first. After a moment a tiny hand, holding a bunch of spring violets and fragrant arbutus, was thrust in through the aperture in the door.

A light came over his dark face, and he sprang quickly up.

“Did you get them for me, little pussy?” he asked, softening his rough voice as he took the flowers and tried to get a glimpse of the child’s face in the dim passage.

“Yes—was you cryin?”

“No—I was just—just nothin.’ Let me take hold of your hand, wont you?”

Nellie put out her little velvet hand, and the rough, crime-hardened man, held it fondly in his great course one, and examined it curiously. He had been too busy with sin all his life to stop for a child before, and now he examined with a sort of admiring wonder, the soft, rosy fingers, and shining nails, and then shut his great hand over the little treasure, till Nellie laughed merrily to see how hers disappeared.

“I guess you isn’t washed your hands to-day,” said the child.

The prisoner quickly, and with some confusion, gave his hands a vigorous rubbing on the knee of his pantaloons.

“Come, Nellie, called out her father.”

“Won’t you come in again?” asked the prisoner eagerly, holding on to her hand.

“Yes; and I’ll bring you my do to see.”

“That’s right! Don’t forget it, now.”

“Come, Nellie!” cried the jailor again; and with a clear laugh that rung and echoed through the gloomy place, she sprang after him.

The officer who had arrested John Mayne for burglary the week before, and who came near losing his life in taking him, would scarcely have recognized his desperate prisoner in the man who, with such a softened, pleased look upon his face, arranged that bunch of flowers so carefully in a tin dipper, ynd lifted them gently to inhale their fragrance, and then set them back upon his window-shelf



and contemplated them admiringly and fondly.

"I wonder if the light'll make 'em wilt?" he soliloquised, "I never minded 'em, I guess it won't, though; they grow in the light."

The day passed away, and as the sun sank, a single ray came into the passage and cast itself, as though it were his guardian angel grieving for his sin, upon the stone outside the prisoner's cell.

It had not lain there long when the jailor again unlocked and unbolted the massive iron door, and came into the passage carrying the prisoner's supper, and followed by Nellie.

"Let me give this one his supper," pleaded the child.

"Well, be careful, pet." the jailor said, giving the square tin dish into her hands. She bore it with laborious care to the door, and when she had reached it, the sun-ray sprang up and rested upon her head, crowning it, as though the grieving spirit would crown, and annoint its little priestess.

"Father says I might stay here a little while," she said: "and I want you to sing some for me. I heard you singin' last night."

"I guess I don't know anything you'd like," the prisoner said, hesitatingly, and remembering, with a feeling akin to shame, the coarse and desperate mirth of the evening before. Little enough suited to Nellie's pure ears were the profane songs with which he had defied God and man in his impious daring.

"Don't you know 'Hush my dear?'" That's pretty. Mother sings it to me."

"No, I don't know it."

"Didn't your mother used to sing it to you?" Nellie asked, pushing back her yellow locks so that the sun ray that had been transforming them to gold, fell upon her childish forehead and became still more luminous.

"I don't know," the prisoner faltered, drawing a quick breath, as a long-forgotten picture started up before him.

He saw a cottage in dear, far away England, with pleasant windows wide open to the fragrance of flowers, and the warmth of sunlight, and the songs of robins; and within sat a pale, gentle woman, hushing an infant in her arms, murmuring a low lullaby in the universal language of a mother's love—that language which needs no translation, but which is understood by every mother's heart the world over.

A rude boy enters the room, and the mother's finger is lifted, and a low "Hush!" makes him pause; and then he is unwillingly called to her side, and the loving arms surround him, and the loving lips are pressed to his brow, and the mother's voice whispers, "Have you been a good boy, my son."

The prisoner sank into his chair.

One more picture darted into his heart like a stab. It was of a white-faced woman, standing like a marble statue, while a constable was taking away her son for crime. A little girl clung, frightened, to her gown, but she had no thought for the child; her wild eyes were fixed upon her son, 'the only son of a mother, and she, a widow.'

"Have you been a good boy, my son?"

The voice came mournfully and

clearly upon his heart. Little Nellie's single question, like the rod of Moses, had parted the flood of crime, and forgetfulness, and suffering that had accumulated for years, and there came through to his heart hosts of childish scenes, and loves, and pleasures; but the flood closed over the childish hope; that was not seared. The poor prisoner did not know that already his guardian angel was singing like Mirriam, "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously."

"Don't cry," pleaded Nellie, putting her hand in, and trying to reach him. "Does you want to see your mother?"

The man buried his face in his hands, and strong sobs were shaking his rude frame. Where was that mother now? Had her broken heart ceased to beat, and was there no one in the wide world who thought of him? or was she still living in want and sorrow, bereft of the arm that should have been her support in age, and wanting the love that had hardened into base ingratitude? And where was the little sister?"

"Do not cry," said little Nellie again.

The man raised his head and brought his thoughts back to the gloomy cell with its two loop-holes of windows, through which the light came dim and soiled; and the iron bars of the door, beyond which, dimly seen in the passage, stood a little figure with a golden sun-ray upon her forehead, and with her white hands clasped together, and her white dress glimmering and spirit-like. He had been so suddenly transported to the past—so thoroughly taken out of his present self, and out of all

he had been for years, that it was only with an effort he could remember where and what he was. "Does you want to see your mother? Nellie asked again, in a tearful, trembling voice, "Is that what you's crying for?"

"Yes, little dear," the prisoner whispered.

"Where is she? Can't she come to see you?"

"I don't know where she is.—She's a great way off. She can't come. I've got a little sister, too; or I had one. When I saw her last She wan't much bigger than you are."

"Does you wan't to see her too?"

"Yes, I wan't to see her too."

"Why don't you go and see 'em?" Nellie asked simply.

"I'm shut up here, and can't."

"What did you do that made them bring you here?" asked the child, suddenly remembering that people were shut up for doing wicked things.

"Oh, I broke into a house and got some money. I had'nt any. Don't you tell anybody I said so."

"No: but what made you do it? its wicked."

"Come, Nellie!" called her father."

"You come in again," said the man, "and I'll tell you all about my sister Anne. What's your name?" "Nellie—that's my name," the child said soberly.

"You'll come again, little Nellie, won't you?"

"Yes, you eat your supper now."

"I don't want any," the man answered, watching her as she went slowly away, and singing this time,



but with a mournful shade upon her sweet face.

That night the prisoner's cell was haunted by the memories which had thronged upon him so suddenly.— The violets which Nellie had brought him were no longer New England violets, but were plucked by a babbling brook in dear Old England, and the tin dipper in which they stood was the bright one which he used to fill with water from that same brook, or with strawberries from the grassy knolls that were near. The soft sighing of the wind without was his mother's singing to little Anne; and when he slept, a slight kiss fell upon his forehead, and a sad voice asked:

"Have you been a good boy, my son?"

A year has passed, and the prisoner, whom we left in a New England jail, is again free, and again in his old home. He arrived only in time to bid a last farewell to his sister Anne, and then to lay her under the flowery knoll where she had so often played. The mother is still living, and we need not say how she received the wanderer whom she had not heard from for years, nor tell of the rejoicings over him who was lost, but is found. They live together in quiet content and happiness.— The son has forsaken forever all his wild ways, and begun a new life.— There is but one thing which he has brought with him from dark period, and that is, the memory of the child who, as he says, reclaimed him from vice. There is a bunch of withered flowers which he preserves carefully, and within a little locket he wears a

tress of silky, yellow hair. The flowers Nellie Ray gave him when first she came to the door of his cell; and the ringlet was cut from her head when he held her sobbing in his arms, when his term of imprisonment had expired, and he was coming away in search of his mother and of the new life which he had vowed to begin.

At certain stated times John Mayne sits down to the little writing table in his mother's parlor, and with great care and labor writes a diminutive epistle commencing "My dear Miss Nellie," and which after being tossed and rolled across the broad ocean, and whizzed over the road in railroad cars, and rumbled and jolted in mail-coaches, and thrown about in great leathern bags, reaches at last, none the worse for its long journey, and varied adventures, a pair of little dimpled hands to which a childish heart is sending a tremor of sweet, joyful excitement.

One of these, Nellie has coaxed father to answer for her, sending word that she is learning to write so as to answer them herself. "See father!" Nellie cries; "I can print J. O. H. N. Pretty soon I'll do the whole name, won't I? He says he's going to send me a present the first letter I write him. You tell him, I can print that; and father, you put a big O at the bottom of the page, and I'll put a kiss in it." "I believe that child is angel mother," says John in his far-away home, as he reads the letter with glistening eyes, and takes the invisible kiss which has come over the ocean to him, "Nothin' ever come over me as she did."

[ ORIGINAL. ]

IT IS I!\*

BY MRS. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

It is I! let no repining  
In your mournful souls have birth;  
Know ye not my kind designing  
Is to win you from the earth?  
None in vain on me are calling,  
Not one tear unseen is falling;  
For I chasten whom I love,  
Sorrows but my mercy prove.

It is I! oh, then, with gladness,  
Bear thy burden bravely on;  
Life's short hours waste not in sadness,  
Squander not so rich a boon.  
In my garden I have placed thee,  
With my arms of love embraced thee,  
There to labor and to wait  
Patiently to bear thy fate.

It is I! and I will never  
Send thee grief thou canst not bear;  
Thou art mine, and I will ever  
O'er thee watch with tender care.  
And at last through my good spirit  
Thou the kingdom shalt inherit,  
Where the Father dwells above  
With the children of his love.

\*The above song will shortly appear, among many others from the pen of our talented contributor, in a handsome volume of 100 pages, entitled "The Western Harp," a book of Sunday music for the Family Circle. It can be had at our office. Price, \$1.25, plain; \$1.75 ornamental. Sent to any address post-paid. W. R. GULLEY.



[ORIGINAL.]

## IMPROMPTU.

TO MARY F. EDWARDS.

As I walked out an hour ago,  
 Beneath the sky so brightly blue,  
 I kissed a zephyr as it passed,  
 And told it softly to kiss you;  
 And then it laughed and clapped its hands,  
 And waved its wings, and off it flew.

Now if you feel upon your cheek  
 A zephyr sweeter than the rest,  
 Be sure it brings a loving kiss  
 From one you say you love the best.  
 Ah! kiss it Mary, for my sake,  
 As it floats singing through the West.

MATILDA.

GRAPE HILL, VA.

## JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

A NEW edition of the poems of James Gates Percival, announced to appear from the press of those Boston booksellers and poet-publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, suggests to us the putting in execution of a purpose which we have for some time entertained, of presenting our readers with a brief account of his life, in connection with some criticism upon his poetry.

Apart from the interest which the public always feel in those who have made themselves distinguished by their literary pursuits, this inter-

est in the present instance is increased by the extraordinary character of the individual who is the subject of these remarks. That countenance, cadaverous, sallow, intellectual, unearthly in its expression, with an aspect of late years greatly dejected, the frontispiece to a head Shakespearean in its conformation, with its strongly marked physiogomy, and blue eyes, "all pupil," lustrous, prominent, "wild with the fire of genius," whose lineaments once seen could never be forgotten—that form, tall, bending, enveloped in a thread

bare cloak fluttering in the breeze, haunting bookstores or wandering by woods and streams or traversing mountains prairies, engrossed in scientific labors, painfully seeking to elude observation, 'has at length disappeared from view. By these outward tokens was revealed to the world the spirit of one of the most pure intellects that has ever worn the garb of humanity—whose departure is a loss alike to science and to poetry—who combined in himself almost contradictory attributes—the physician, geographer, geologist, botanist, naturalist, philosopher, philologist, linguist—the truly universal genius! Such was James G. Percival.

Though only a comparatively short time has elapsed since the poet's decease, the notice taken of that event in the public journals; the multitude of statements and anecdotes published in relation to the incidents of his literary career; and the inquiries respecting the history of his life, and his intellectual and social habits, made from time to time, within our knowledge, of one\* who has deferred to us a task which more properly belongs to himself,—evince the desire of the public to know more about a man, who was regarded by some as a sort of visionary or misanthrope, whose verses, so much admired by the generation that is passing away, yet retain their hold upon the popular mind, and are still ranked with the productions of the best of our American poets. It seems proper that this desire, so natural on the part of the public, should be gratified.

The late Dr. North, of whom we

\*Rev. Royal Robbins, long a resident in the native parish of the poet, and contemporary with him.

have already made mention, formerly instructor in elocution in Yale College, had in preparation a history of the poet's early life; but its publication has been prevented by the untimely death of the biographer. The reading public have, we doubt not, lost an interesting volume, and the true history of Percival's life is yet to be written. We regret to say that a good deal which has been published respecting Percival is the result of prejudice or misconception.—We have derived our knowledge in regard to him from authentic sources; a portion of it is indeed matter of personal recollection, and of information gathered in the early home of the poet.

We must allude, in this connection to the typographical appearance of this edition of Percival's poems, which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields propose to give us. We understand that for the first time the poetry of Percival is to be enshrined in a casket worthy of it. A late writer has said: "Of his poetical reputation, Dr. Percival took no care. If he had managed his productions with a tithe of the art possessed by some of his Parnassian brethren, he might have acquired money, as well as fame, by his writings. Had he studied the secrets of hot-press and embellishment of cream-colored paper laid between drab covers, or been familiar with the effects of "blue and gold" in giving popularity to inspiration, Percival would have become a favorite, and the favor of the people would have reacted on his selection of topics and familiarized his style. Those few poems of his in which he treated of common and domestic subjects find a



universal acceptance with the lovers of poetry, and all of them deserve a far larger popularity than they enjoy. Had Dr. Percival himself foreseen the fame which awaited his productions in this age of the world—that they would attain to the honor of an edition in blue and gold, which custom just now has made a sort of test of popularity for works of this kind—it might have gone as far as any external circumstance could go, to remove the cloud of despondency which overhung his mind for the greater part of his life; and have reconciled him to the misfortune of temporary oblivion and neglect.

The homes and haunts of genius have always an interest to the reflecting and philosophic mind. In the case of individuals thus gifted, a sort of sacredness attaches to their names and memories, and to their earthly habitations. We are subdued by the influence of the *genius loci*, and bow with involuntary homage to the home where genius first saw the light the scenes associated with its choicest productions, or familiar with its daily presence, or the tomb where its ashes are deposited. We linger with awe and reverence, for instance, Shakespeare's home at Stratford-upon-Avon; the several dwellings inhabited by Milton, the house where he was born in Bread street, London, the mansion where he wrote *Paradise Lost*, at Chalfont; Wordsworth's poet-residence at Rydal Mount;—Burn's Cottage in Ayrshire; Petrarch's villa at Vacluse; Dante's home at Florence, and his tomb at Ravenna; and Cowper's retreat at Olney. It is the prerogative of genius, itself immortal, to give immor-

talities to the scenes by which it is surrounded, infusing its own nature into the objects which meet its daily vision, and becoming a part and parcel of them.

An English writer, William Howitt, has published a work in which the "Homes and Haunts" of the British poets have been described with a fidelity and accuracy which, as gratifying the natural curiosity of the public mind to know more about the life of individuals eminent for their talents or genius, with whose writings they have become familiar, has been well received on both sides of the Atlantic. The same plan has been adopted in regard to some of our American authors, and the embellishments of art have been added to the charms of literature. The result has been a production which has not lacked for abundance of readers. The American mind in this and other ways become familiarized with the habitations of Irving, Hawthorne, Bryant, Longfellow, Dana, Willis, and many others, which with their surroundings have been pictured to the eye and to the mind with rare fidelity and beauty. The early home of Percival, for the same reasons, has to us something of this same interest which we feel for "Sunny Side," "Idlewild," and "Sachem's Wood."

The influence, also, of natural scenery upon the poetic feeling, is very great, and is by no means to be omitted in considering the elements of a poet's education—indeed it forms one of its principal ingredients. The objects of sublimity and beauty, with which a youthful poet has daily contact, give a coloring to the fea-



tures of his soul, and insensibly but powerfully affect his whole character. "Milton wrote his *L'Allegro* at Forest Hill, Oxford, and the beauty and scenery of that immortal poem was borrowed from the picturesque landscapes of its neighborhood." A description of the home where the youth of Percival was spent will not then be uninteresting. We know it well, and have often passed it, and with a feeling of peculiar reverence as the spot where this marvelous genius spent a portion of his earlier days. It is situated in Kensington, a parish of Berlin, in the State of Connecticut—a town of moderate local limits, but possessing features of rare beauty, such as are to be found, perhaps, in few other towns of New England.

The house itself is a plain wooden building, bordering close on the street, at present and for some time past externally uninviting from its dingy aspect. It is situated in a romantic region—in front of the house, over the way, is an orchard slope, and around it are patches of cultivated ground.—In sight, at a few miles distant, and on the south-east, rises Mount Lamentation, stretching to the South, memorable for the mournful legend connected with its history, which its name commemorates; and still nearer, on the west, in Southington Mountain; while extending southward are the Blue Hills, with their soft and varied outline. In the immediate vicinity, overlooking the house, is a rounded hill of considerable elevation bearing the not very euphonious name of "Turkey Hill," from the top of which can be seen a wide country around, with its villages and

spires. Farm houses are scattered everywhere among the neighboring eminences and in the valley; below is a beautiful sheet of water which turns several mills in its progress, then dashes over the rocks with a picturesque descent, and winds among green meadows, whose murmuring voice soothes the ear—the whole presenting a panorama of peculiar beauty, attractive alike to the poet's pen, or painter's pencil.

In a poem under the title, "On viewing, one summer evening, the house of my birth, in a state of desolation," the poet has presented this picture of it, among others of a touching nature:

"Down a glen where half unseen,  
Banked with turf of deepest green,  
Flowed a winding rill along,  
Tinkling like the milk-maid's song;  
Where the moon's reflected ray  
Smiling on the surface lay,  
Seeming to sleep in soft repose,  
Like morning dew-drops on the rose;  
Where the evening splendor's fade  
In the maple's quiet shade;  
Lonely, desolate appears,  
Pale as in the vale of years,  
The mansion\* where my infant eye  
First saw the rocks, the woods the sky.  
O! it was a lovely sight,  
Though obscured by shades of night;  
And though the ivy-mantled wall  
At intervals was heard to fall,  
Breaking with faintly rattling sound,  
The quiet hush that reigned around."

In the parish whose name we have given above, James Gates Percival was born Sept. 15, 1795. His father was a respectable physician in the place, and commanded an exten-

\*The poet is supposed to refer to a house in his native place, many years since removed from sight, and which may possibly have been the house of his birth; but his youth so far as appears, was passed in the home we have attempted to describe above.



sive practice. He died in possession of a handsome estate. The poet's mother, from whom he inherited his peculiar temperament and probably his poetical genius, was a woman, "by nature of a delicate and susceptible organization," and endowed with good qualities of intellect and heart. The name of his paternal ancestor, Percival, seems to connect him with an honorable descent in English history, and we have heard an intimation of the kind from one of the poet's family. But however this may be, genius is higher than any accident of birth or lineage; and the God-given instincts of the poet, with a kingly patent derived from nature herself, transcends every earthly pedigree. The family consisted of four children—three sons and a daughter. Of the sons, James was the second, and was remarkable for his precocious talent and amiable disposition. "From his cradle he was a fondling of nature. His earliest joy was to hold converse with the mysterious whisperings of the forest; to gaze on the grand old trees, and read the records of centuries in their tall and ragged majesty. Possessed by a distressing diffidence and sensibility to suffering from the harshness of his fellows, his delight was to climb the rude familiar granite of his native hills, and to travel with his eye along the distant line of azure mountains that bounded the

scope of vision, and prisoned in their embracing circuit as quiet and as sweet a scene of pastoral beauty as ever lived in fancy's dreams." His preparation for college was made under private instruction. One who was his teacher describes him as he was at the age of sixteen, in his family, as "a fair and pleasant youth, delicate in his complexion, rather shy and retiring, soft and lisping in his conversation, neat and beautiful in his dress, gentle in his manners, lovely in his deportment." His peculiar disposition, it would seem, won the affections of those who had the care of him; while his mental troubles at this time increased the sympathy which was otherwise felt for him. The same instructor further remarks concerning him: "He was delicate in his feelings, sensitive to impropriety, quick to discern, and very ready to feel every kindness. \* \* \* He was not so well fitted for college as some of his companions, but the defect was owing to his youth and to his not having been thoroughly introduced into the specific and minute things of the Latin Grammar—but his industry, keenness and retentiveness, soon made the ground all clear, and made him one of the most accurate and able linguists in the United States. He was a youth of great inquisitiveness and observation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## JENNY LIND.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

**T**HERE was once a poor and plain little girl, dwelling in a little room, in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed, then; she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact she sang to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang.

The woman who had her in care, went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had had nothing to enliven but the company of a cat. The little girl played with the cat, and sang.—Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and—sang, when a lady passed by. She heard the voice, and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music master, whose name was Crelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, then a Count Phue, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by rough speech and a morbid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil to the Count,

and asked him to engage her as "eleve," for the opera. "You ask a foolish thing!" said the Count, gruffly, looking disdainfully upon the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing? See what feet she has! Away with her! Away with her!"

The music master insisted, almost indignantly. "Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; then such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world."

The Count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for elves at the opera and with difficulty a simple gown of black bombazine was procured for her.—The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Berg, director of the song school of the opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the elves of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young eleve acted the part of a beggar girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicsome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first



time before the public in weber's Frieschutz. At the rehearsal preceeding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra at once, as by common accord, lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful, and lovely in her whole appearance through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. \* \* \* \*

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was caressed and courted everywhere, even to adulation. At the courts of kings, at the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandees of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her—"In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky, October night crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seeming to belong to the upper classes of society,) thronged on the shore of the Baltic Harbor at Stockholm. All looked toward the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered and

waited and looked out eagerly toward the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted by a general buz on the shore.

"There she comes, there she is!" A large steamer now came thundering on, making its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying the harbor towards the shore of the "Skeppsbro." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowd on shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now, the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer, now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing, now it lay still. And there, on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, with eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on the shore.

It was she again,—our poor, plain, neglected little girl of former days—who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had become celebrated; and she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes. \* \* \*

The first time she again appeared in the "Somnambula," (one of her favorite roles,) the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received when she appeared with a roar of "hurrahs." In the midst of the burst of applause a clear, melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw

the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong soaring war-

ble—until she fell into the *retournelle* of her last song, and again sang that joyful and touching strain. “No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart,”

## NO HOME.

**T**O those who dwell in the sunny atmosphere of a pleasant home, no two words in the language are so full of sorrowful meaning as these. Their casual mention sends an icy chill through the frame, and oppresses the spirit with a strange, overpowering sense of loneliness and desolation.

“I have no home!” What a host of mournful thoughts that brief sentence awakens! No roof to shelter the weary one when he seeks a refuge from the storms of misfortune; no fire side where he can bask in the genial glow of sweet influences; no household band to welcome him cordially, when other friends prove false or hover around his pillow, when his frame is racked with pain, and his brain thronged with delirious fancies.

Oh, sad indeed is this, and from the depths of our soul we sympathise with those on whom such a lot has fallen. But most of all we pity the young who have no home. They “gather their courage about them as a garment” and go forth into the cold

pitiless world. To many such, life is warfare; they are forced to struggle against wind and tide; to surmount obstacles a thousand fold more formidable than the Hill of Difficulty which frowned on Bunyan’s wayworn pilgrim; to turn a deaf ear to syren voices, which would lure them into the snares of error. Often they grow faint by the way and sink down in despair; but “Hope, that gentlest astrologer,” murmurs such bright prophecies that they once more move on.

To those, who are thus situated, we would fain offer a few words of encouragement. Do not despond, however gloomy your prospects may be; remember that good old proverb, “It is always darkest just before day.” Have faith that light will yet break upon you. Do not look earthward for support in your trial, but learn to trust in God. Then a glorious morning will dawn on your night of care and sorrow, and when the “silver cord” shall have been severed, you will dwell forever in a heavenly home. .



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

BY WM. R. GULLEY.

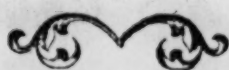
Where the lilly pale is sighing,  
And the dewy grass is bending;  
Where the scented rose is breathing,  
Where its melted sweets ascending;  
Where flows a streamlet, soft and low,  
And the drooping willow weepeth,  
Cold below, in the grave below,  
A baby boy low sleepeth.

Where night-fairies meet to whisper,  
Where the flowers bend to listen—  
Where the harebell softly tolleth,  
And the deadly night-shades glisten.  
Where the wandering zephyrs go,  
And the twining tendril creepeth,  
Cold below, in the grave below,  
A baby boy low sleepeth.

Where 'mong the flowers of spring time,  
Two rosy feet there softly trod—  
Where gently fell the downy pressure,  
Upon the green and velvet sod;  
Where in the twilight's softer glow,  
A solemn watch the cypress keepeth  
Cold below, in the grave below,  
A baby boy *now* sleepeth.

Where an angel comes at even'.  
And lingers near the lonely spot,  
And whispers to the mournful weeper  
Of life and love that dieth not.  
Where bright the marble sentry glares,  
A mother now so lonely weepeth,  
Cold below, in the grave below,  
Her baby boy low sleepeth.

## Editor's Port-Folio.



### "WEEP FOR YOUR CHILDREN."

**T**HUS spake the son of God to those women who followed him to Calvary. While bending under the weight of the cross, their lamentations reached his ear, and he turned to them saying, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

This injunction of our blessed Redeemer, to those Jewish mothers, was doubtless reasonable. They had cause to weep, in view of the calamities which threatened their offspring; and have we less cause for parental solicitude than had they? Why is so much of anxiety mingled with the tenderness in the countenance of that young mother, as she gazes upon the face of her first-born infant! Ah! her heart throbs with emotions unfelt before. Its extreme helplessness and dependence, and its constant liability to injury awaken within her feelings of the deepest solicitude; but it is the thought of the immense interest involved in the training it is to receive from her hands, that causes the tear to start unbidden from its source, and the prayer to ascend from the depths of her soul. "Father in Heaven, teach me to order the child aright." She remembers that she has given existence to an immortal, that long, long, after the clods of the valley have rested

upon her bosom—long after the funeral knoll of time has tolled its last and all things of earth have passed away, its soul will live in bliss or woe. Will she be capable of guiding its inexperienced feet into the paths of holiness and peace? or will it fall a victim to the wiles of the adversary? She feels that, to a fearful extent, the issues of life and death are in her hands, and when she remembers her own imperfections, how poorly she is qualified for such responsibilities, is it strange that she should weep for her children?

Such are the emotions of the thoughtful, pious mother, even under the most favorable circumstances.—She will sometimes weep for her children in view of the temptations and dangers to which they are exposed, while her responsibilities are shared by a husband and father, whose influence is every way calculated to lead them into the way should go. But if the influence of the other parent is such as to lead them away from holiness and Heaven, or if they are early deprived of the care and counsel, and example of a pious father, then, indeed, must she weep for her children. But her parental solicitude must not expend itself in tears. She must *do*, as well as *feel*, if she would have her children rise



up and call her blessed, and if she would hear from the lips of her final Judge, that highest of all encomiums, "She hath done what she could."

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Not long since we heard a minister in the pulpit speak of the "rugged heights of Calvary's Mount." Such phraseology is so familiar to our ears as scarcely to arrest our attention; and it is quite possible that some of our readers are accustomed to conceive of a lofty mountain when they think of Calvary. We would like to have them examine their Bibles and see if they can obtain from them evidence that there was any elevation of ground at all where our Saviour was crucified. Matthew, Mark and John speak of their bringing Him *into* a place called Golgotha, a Hebrew name, signifying place of a skull, or place of skulls. Only Luke uses the word Calvary, which in Latin, has the same signification as Golgotha in the Hebrew; but in none of their narratives, do we find the slightest intimation that the place was a mountain. It is generally supposed that it was called by this name from being the place where were thrown the bodies of those, who, on account of their crimes, were thought unworthy of decent burial, and where their bones were left to decay above ground. It is hardly probable that these would be carried up those 'rugged steeps,' of which we so often hear.

Travellers assure us that the spot pointed out as the place of crucifixion is not a mountain, nor even a hill—that it is situated in a valley, and

the elevation of ground around the spot is so slight as scarcely to be perceptible at a little distance. This account of traveller's we can believe, since we find nothing in the statements of the sacred writers at variance with their description of Calvary.

True, the question is not a very important one, since saving faith in Christ may be equally exercised, whether we believe he was crucified on a mountain or in a valley; and yet, if we mistake not, it has just about as much practical importance as some other questions which have given rise to angry contentions, and even divisions, in Churches and religious bodies. In a certain church, the question arose, whether, in giving out the hymn, the minister should read *two* lines or only *one*. They could not settle the point, and the church divided on the subject. Those who contended for *two* lines built them a new house of worship, and placed in large letters over their door, "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Tell us how much wiser is that church whose members fell out with each other and quarrelled because they happened to think differently about some man, or some measure, having no connection whatever, with their church relations? These are the devices of Satan, who is ever ready to seize upon the remaining depravity in the hearts of God's real children, and make a comparative trifle, the occasion of distracting Christ's Church, that he may thereby render it powerless in the pulling down of his strong holds. Let us not be ignorant of his devices.

"Who notices the increasing paleness of the unloved cheek?" Let those answer who, after having been nurtured and cherished in a home of affection, are thrown homeless and friendless upon the world. When the first indisposition comes upon the wanderer, how keenly he feels the contrast between a home of love and a residence among strangers. Beneath the paternal roof, the watchful eye of affection detected the slightest change in his countenance, and anxious inquiries respecting his health were made, before he was hardly aware of being indisposed.

But now no one observes the haggard expression of his countenance—no one notices that he feels unwell, unless he announces the fact, and then it seems to awaken but little interest. If he is confined to his bed, some, it is true, prompted by feelings of humanity, will come to inquire what they can do for him, and he feels grateful for their attentions, but O! how different are they from the ministrations of love, to which he has been accustomed in his own home.—None but those who have had expe-

rience on the subject can know how desolate and lonely is the heart of the invalid who feels, that of all those around him, none care much whether he is sick or well—whether he lives or dies. Let those who, in their lives have had such experience, be mindful of the feelings of others, who are similarly situated.

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"Do you think my father is a christian?" said a little boy to the pastor of the church of which his father was a member.

"Why do you ask such a question, my child," said the minister.

"Because you said in your sermon last Sabbath, that christian parents feel very anxious about the salvation of their children, and my Pa never says anything to *me* about religion."

The clergyman was quite at a loss for a reply. He did not like to tell the child his father was not a christian, and yet he could see no way to reconcile the inconsistency. Parents professing godliness, are you children ever in such a quandary as was this little boy?



## Book Notices.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST  
TABLE—By DAVID WENDELL HOMES.

**I**T may seem altogether superfluous to call the attention of our readers to a book which all the world has been reading for months past, and still more presumptions to attempt to pass judgement upon the merits of a work, whose claims have already been decided by that august tribunal the Public. There are, in this work some allusions to topics connected with religion, which we cannot read without pain, in as much as they seem calculated to diminish a reverence for sacred things. With this single exception, we are willing to go with the multitude in praising a book so entertaining and so rich in interesting suggestions. One has said, that the best course for a critic, who should attempt to make an article on the "Autocrat" would be to imitate very closely the procedure of a certain nursery hero, to "put in his thumb and pull out a plum, and cry, what a brave——reviewer am I." We will profit by this suggestion as it is quite a time-saving process. Here is our plum.

"But I'll tell you what the Professor said to the Poet the other day.—My boy, said he, I can work a great deal cheaper than you, because I keep all my goods in the lower story. You have to hoist yours into the upper chambers of the brain, and let them down again to your customers. I take mine in at the level of the ground

and send them off from my doorstep almost without lifting. I tell you the higher a man has to carry the raw material of thought before he works it up, the more it costs him in blood, nerve, and muscle. Coleridge knew all this very well when he advised every literary man to have a profession.

When I contemplate—said my friend, the Poet—the infinite largeness of comprehension belonging to the Central Intelligence, how remote the creative conception is from all scholastic and ethical formulæ, I am led to think that a healthy mind ought to change its mood from time to time, and come down from its noblest condition,—never, of course, to degrade itself by dwelling upon what is itself debasing, but to let its lower faculties have a chance to air and exercise themselves. After the first and second floor have been out in the bright street dressed in all their splendors, shall not our humble friends in the basement have their holiday, and the cotton velvet and the thin-skinned jewelry—simple adornment but befitting the station of those who wear them—show themselves to the crowd who think them beautiful, as they ought to, though the people up stairs know that they are cheap and perishable?"

Doubtless our readers can all pull out for themselves plums sweeter to their taste than this, and we will leave them to do so.



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Dinner Towel.—Lace Burnous.